

MOUNTAIN ECHOES



Easter Morning

I waken to the quiet hushed
 Cathedral voice of sky and sea,
 While morning glistens like a flushed
 Great stained-glass window over me.
 This is the earth's dawn of rebirth—
 A world arising after sleep,
 Awakening sight, awakening sound,
 Sheen on the grass and swallow sweep
 This is the resurrection of
 The rose-grey leaf bud on the grape,
 This is the iridescence on the dove—
 The formless, taking form and shape.
 See where the sunrise paints its bloom
 There is no death, or ever was!
 No victory of shadowed tomb—
 Only a haze like golden gauze
 Where morning blossoms at our gate,
 And the last fog-wraith fades away.
 Up soars the lark to celebrate
 The risen Christ. And it is day!

—Elizabeth Landeweer.

ADMINISTRATION



F.S. Harris	Warden
J. Wickey	Deputy Warden
A.E. Steele	Chief Keeper

CENSUS

Mar. 1 — Apr. 14

High number	8266
Low number	4739
Received	30
Discharged	29
Paroled	7
Transferred In	1
Transferred Out	0
Population	417

The MOUNTAIN ECHOES, published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of A.J. MacLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries, is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thoughts and actions within the institution.



No articles of scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.



Mountain Echoes

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March & April 1961

Number 7 & 8

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EDITORIAL

Rarely has a man serving a life sentence been taken out of this institution, away from these grim grey walls, and taken to the city. Never before has a man serving a life sentence been taken out to be with his family in a time of sorrow.

I believe that I am the first lifer ever to be allowed this privilege. With the passing of my mother, the work of a few of the prison officials made this possible. Mr. F.S. Harris, Warden, and Mr. R. Beaudry, Censor and my sole escort, will never be forgotten by me for what they did.

I would like to thank the men of the Dale Carnegie Class for the flowers, Geo. Mitchell, one of the class and a friend for many years, went out of his way to see what he could do for me. To these men and my co-workers on the Echoes, I want to express my gratitude for their kindness and understanding.

RED CROSS
BLOOD DONOR CLINIC
Thursday, April 27



HOW IT FEELS TO BE A “LIFER”

Sentenced to life! How do you think
YOU would feel?

A Former Inmate

I am writing this short article because I want the public to know that people like us who are experiencing a life sentence and many years of oblivion are not forever contaminated, even though a good number of people who are fortunate enough to be in the free world—and others who are prisoners just like we are—seem to think and believe we are.

Our world has always been divided into two conflicting factions. On one side there are the good people and those who proclaim themselves good and pure of heart. On the other side, we have those who are classified as the bad group; this second faction also includes those unfortunates who made a mistake that has sent them to the penitentiary for periods of time ranging from two years to a lifetime.

The minority that have been sentenced to life imprisonment are thought of as a group of desperate characters who would go to any extent to regain their lost freedom. They are also thought of as a lot of degenerates who have no feelings, sympathies or consideration for the life, property and rights of others. Yet as a segment of the prison population, the lifers are possibly more sympathetic towards the feelings of others than any similar group. Too many persons, especially those serving short terms, seem to forget that a lifer is always under extreme mental pressure; that he's a human being with feelings the same as anyone else; that he worries about his fellowmen who may be in worse straits than himself.

The frustrations of these men are many. Trivial matters that occur from day to day keep piling up until they form a mass of conflicting emotions that are difficult to subdue. For one who is not under the strain of such a long sentence, such frustrations are impossible to understand.

In the past few years, many men serving two and three year sentences have told this writer that it is just as hard and difficult to serve a short term as it is to serve a long one. These men claimed that it was solely a matter of adjustment to the situation. While there may be some truth in their statements, it is very unlikely. If they are ever so unfortunate as to receive the “book” they will soon realize how tough the going is when one tries to adjust himself. Then and only then will they truly understand what such a sentence does to a man.

There are many problems facing a man who must serve a life sentence. One is the amount of time he must put in. A lot of people believe that a life sentence means twenty years; this is a fallacy of the greatest magnitude. When a judge says

"Life" he means just that. Not more and not less. A person sentenced to a definite number of years earns remission every month; if amnesty is granted to all prisoners for some occasion, only those with a stated number of years benefit, while anyone doing the book is excluded from receiving it.

When a man has a set number of years to serve, even if he has to do every day of it, there comes a day when the authorities have no alternative but to set him free. But, in the case of a lifer, if the Remission(now National Parole)Board does not see fit to release him after many long years of atonement, all hopes for freedom for the man are finished. The Remission Board has the power and last word as to who shall or shall not be granted a ticket-of-leave and they may hold a man in prison until the day he dies. The matter is perfectly legal and without appeal.

In all cases the pains, frustrations, despair and heart-break begin the moment the judge utters those fateful words that makes a man a convict for life.

Most lifers are fortunate (?) enough to have relatives. Many are married and have children, and regardless of his offence, he hopes that someday he will be reunited with those he loves and cherishes—and have a chance to make up, in part at least, for the wasted years—if such a thing is at all possible.

Few people know what such a period of incarceration means. Less still realize the unfathomable despair it brings on. It is during the year's imprisonment that he needs all the encouragement he can get from his kinfolk. A good number of men have served eighteen, twenty years or more, simply because their own relatives have forsaken them in their hour of darkness.

It is indeed a real problem to face, and there is no way in which to turn. A man's memory wears out. The bright and lovely picture of home gets cracked and faded. Hope goes with it and a man starts asking himself, "What's there to go on for? Why not let go? Fold up, cash in the chips, slide out and get it over with." Yet, there is always a faint ray of light in the darkness all 'round. This small ray of light is man's hope shining and keeping him alive. The pictures become clear and solid again and the answers to his questions encourage him on. Why let go? Isn't a free world with happiness and loved ones worth a ton of work and trying? And it is that small ray of light that enables him to go on, day after day, year after year.



HER **LIFE**

Gift of a

**VOLUNTEER
BLOOD
DONOR**

Have Trade

Will Travel



— David McLennan

Post release preparations are probably the most looked forward to plans in the life of an inmate in Canada's Penal Institutions. How hungrily we look forward to that taste of freedom. However, during the sentence we occasionally take off the rose-tinted glasses and take a realistic and somewhat foreboding glance at what we are really going out to. If we are completely honest with ourselves we realize that in the competition of seeking a job we run a poor third. Consequently, after release we face the future with less than the necessities required by the tightest fist ed economizer. It is senseless for us to hope that employers are going to throw open their doors to us on the same basis they do with honest society, or should we say with those who have never been caught. (It has been brought to my attention that nine out of ten thefts from employers are committed by people who have *never* had the slightest brush with the law.) Be this as it may, I do not hold the employer solely responsible for his hesitancy in hiring ex-convicts. I often wonder what a different outlook businessmen would have if the different levels of government would lead the way in providing jobs for inmates who have *paid* for their crime. I can think of many jobs, with relatively little risk to prospective employers that we could preform without running the risk of us robbing the treasury. How honest do you have to be to work for the Department of Highways or Parks Board? I doubt if the smartest of the criminal set could get rid of a piece of stolen street or a hot flower bed.

I believe further that the qualifications offered by the average inmate would be an asset to business and industry. Rarely does a man pass through these portals without gaining at least a working knowledge of some occupation. Only a few fail to increase their scholastic standings. The fact the majority of inmates attempt to better themselves technically and scholastically would indicate that they *are* concerned about the future and would work if given the chance.

T'is sad but true; every time an ex-inmate applies for a job involving the slightest responsibility, today or ten years from today, he will be reminded that "Once upon a time he broke the law."

Party



Line

The prodigal returneth: Whatsa matter **Dave Windsor!** Forget your tooth-brush?.. The trials and tribulations of a penal journalist can be summed up in one word — frustration. If a writer skirts the field of controversial matter, he invariably draws the wrath of his entombed bretheren for “ducking the issue;” if he plunges headlong into it, on the other hand, and attempts to “sort the wheat from the chaff”, his efforts are promptly whittled down to size by the blue pencil. We repeat, it's frustrating!.. According to Miss Mary L. Lynch, only woman member of the national parole board, female felons are poorer parole risks than their male counter-parts. Figures indicate that 12.9 per cent of paroled women have their



paroles revoked as against 6.9 per cent of the men. (ho-hum!) Fellow in M-1 is getting a bit suspicious about his girl—'specially since she started sending him letters in mimeograph sheets... The '61 edition of *Miss Winnipeg* brings to mind that famous tower near Paris. You know, the eye-ful!.. If you suffer from hay-fever and just happen (hah!) to be planning a trip south, best cross West Virginia off your list. Sneezing—believe it or not — is a statutory offense down there; at least on Sundays (Gesundteit!) Wonder who the brain-child is that dubbed the tailor shop *STALAG 17?* Sure is appropriate... Back after an interrupted vacation and not too happy about it is **Freddy Mitchell**... In a game of Bridge

not too long ago, we saw **Vern Umphry's** try to finesse a trey spot. Nope! Didn't work...

Seldom does Ottawa concern itself with the plight of an individual; much less an inmate of a federal penitentiary. The exception was made recently, however, when a *lifer* from within these walls was granted a compassionate parole. A one day *pardon* that made it possible for him to attend the funeral of his mother. This unprecedented (in the case of a man serving a life sentence) and humane gesture on the part of Ottawa, it might be noted, was due to the efforts of three men: **F.S. Harris**, Warden of S. M. P.; **R. Beaudry**, Chief Censor; and **T.G. Street**, Chairman of the National Parole Board.

To these men then—a lifer's thanks...



Despite the hole in his head, **Ron Miller** displays remarkable intelligence. Then again, we never got past kindergarten... Lotta sneaky goings-on in the ducts these evenings. Preparing for the sack the other night, we glimpsed an eye-ball peering through the rear vent. Luckily the contraband goodies were already consumed and all that ominous optic caught was a satisfied burp; plus an unobstructed peek in our rear-view mirror.

Ken Ducharme : a picture of frustration since Ottawa vetoed his nuptial hopes... Local moviegoers are getting a bit put out with the calibre of films shown lately. Not since *Rio Bravo*—the majority feel—has a top flight celluloid made an appearance here...

Old man **McKay** is just about ready to pack in his job, says it ain't dignified enough. Mac—in case you're wondering—toils in the piggery... Things seem to be pickering up since **Charlie** left. A pity he didn't take along

more company... Two plus two usually equal four. Not always, however. For example, if convicts are permitted to write as many letters as they wish, why is the issue of writing paper (government issue) limited to "2 sheets a week only"? What's with the twitchin' eyeball **Jack Wells**! Nervous?... We're told **Stan Nash** wants to start himself a band. Trouble is, he isn't sure that one saxophone and nineteen guitars would constitute a band. Somebody enlighten him!... Too bad **Billy Danials** couldn't cop himself a pinch during his recent Winnipeg visit. We could do with some of that "old black magic" in here...



Be my Guest! Through the mail (Presidio) comes this bit of philosophical verse:

"To smash the simple atom,
all mankind was intent.

Now any day the atom may
Return the compliment.

One unfortunate individual asked **Bob Bradley** where Stevenson Field was. Bob's reply: "How should I know, I ain't no baseball fan!" Even this scribbler knows it's a race track... Read where some rock 'n roll star had been shot not



too long ago. Tsk! Tsk! Now ain't that a shame... **Jim McCulloch** doesn't know a thing about cows. Despite the handicap, however, he still wants a job in the dairy barn. A word of caution Jamie boy, you don't milk the one-spigot one's...

Norwood & St. Boniface Legion invade the Pen

Get out last months calander again, take your red pencil or tube of lipstick and put a big red circle around March 19th., because that was the day the Norwood and St. Boniface Legion breeched the walls and virtually assaulted the "joint."

P.T.I. Officer Hancock W.J., introduced the opening preformers, **The Jack Parkin Quintet**, which is about the best jazz quintet I've seen west of Sammy Berger's Town Tavern, and they "wailed" with; "It's all right me," and "Lullaby of the Leaves." The group, consisting of; **Jack Parkin** piano, **Don Allen** on guitar, **Tom Prescott** bass, **Al McDermot** drums, and **Rae Tallin** on clarinet, then backed **M.C. Wally Keep** on "Saints" and this kitty won't be around long because the East will sure get him. The way he did "Saints go marching in" was "somethin' else."

Next to appear were **Arlene** and **Berks Baker**, Mountain favorites inside and out, and their bitches bustin' routines went over and landed like a polaris. This duo with their fabulous synchronous pantomines to "Heart of my Heart, Baby it's cold Outside" and "I'm confessin' that I love You," as usual cracked the crowd up. Their brochure claims that; "This act has continued to gain in popularity..." but in my humble opinion, **The Bakers** are any night club owners answer to T.V. **Berks**, attired in a "backless, frontless" dress, cornered the hilarity prize with his zany parody to "Make Love to Me," assisted (most reluctantly) by **Joe Houle**, Berks had the joint in stitches by taking advantage of the very embarrassed Joe Houle. With wife **Arlene**, Berks then cut up with, "Are you Mine?" which was somehow quite reminiscent of visiting room dialogue. Berks, on a single, doing "A good man is hard to Find," with the mike draped by a coat and topped off with a fedora, was 'it.'

Two newcomers to the joint were vocal impersonator, **Norm Howarth** and accompanist **Wally Dewhur**. Norm, with his tricky pipes made like Gracie Fields on her traditional numbers; "Walter, lead me to the Alter," and "Now is the Hour." I'm am a bit too young to remember Miss F., but the old-timers sitting beside me claimed the impersonation near perfect.

Magician **Lou Shapiro** then came on and proceeded to confound the audience with some dazzling sleight of hand. Assisted by one **Don Hambleton** and this unworthy person as stooges, Mr. Shapiro pulled off some neat rope tricks, and I don't mind saying some mystifyin' antics with a pair of beer bottles (empty sob!)

The Phantoms making their sophomore appearance, came with a new addition this year, tenor sax-ist **Pete Preston**, a definite asset to this fine Rock and Roll group. Drummer **Jerry Lynn** was featured on "Saints" done of course R & R style, backed by pianist **Lorn Bloquiere** and the wangen' 'n twangen' of the Fender base and guitars of **Rolande Bloquiere**, **Perry Walker**, and **George Johns**.

The next entertainer hardly needed an intro to us, for this was none other than **Miss Berni Garrison**, a girl who will always have a special place in the hearts of mountaineers, for she is without a doubt **Miss Stony Mountain Pen**. Arriving minus her trusty squeeze box, she sat down at our ancient untrustworthy upright

and led off with "You don't want my Love," (an obvious lie) and then swung in to the very popular "Don't Go To Strangers," and it was a pity that Etta Jones wasn't here to hear it. Anti-climatic to this she sang "Where the boys are; Stupid Cupid; My Heart Belongs To Daddy," and "Gypsy in my Soul." Her delivery of Stupid Cupid prompted Berks Baker to say that he thought he was crazy, but Berni beats him. But like the saying goes, **Berni**, we'll take you, blind, cripple, or crazy.

Norm Nutter's Western Boys then appeared, and the western fans came to life. This group featured **Todd Baraniuk** on accordion, **Gordy Duke** on drums, **Marcel Pattyn** guitar, **Ken Kletke** guitar, and **Dane Mackintosh**, pogo (?). Their big number was "The old man and the old Woman," and they "rang the bell," and "lit the lights" with this one. The western fans nearly stomped the joint down, and I know that had they had their way, this group would still be in the auditorium, a singin' and a pickin'.

M.C. Wally Keep, possessor of one of the best voices ever heard within these 'hated halls,' returned and sang four numbers, but the way he 'blew' "Lady is a Tramp" was "it!" Look out Buddy Greco !!

The Pogo Boys, a trio consisting of a guitar, fiddle and a "whatchamacallit" (name it, and it's yours) provided laughs a plenty. Their garish costumes and downright ridiculous choreography practically obscured the stage with dust. The guitarist wasn't aware of it, but he could have blown a "lamp" as the fiddlers bow came precariously close a few times.

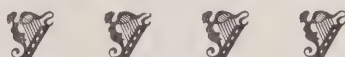
In a surprise move, the visiting preformers called on an inmate to come up and sing. This, to my knowledge was unheard of. Former inmates have accompanied outside shows into prisons before, but never has a "still here" inmate, participated on the programme of a visiting show. The inmate, Jim LaRiviere, electrified the audience with his stirring rendition of "Unchained Melody." Unable to leave the stage, Jim encored with, "Diane" which the last time I heard it, definitely belonged to Paul Anka; but now....? Anyway he was a definite 'boff,' for you could have heard a "chinch bug" sneeze, and to say that he completely captured the attention of the entire audience would be the under statement of the century.

The jazz group then returned and "swung" with "Bernie's Tune," and for the finale, Berks Baker, Berni Garrison, and Wally Keep, came out and "swung" on "Bye Bye Blackbird."

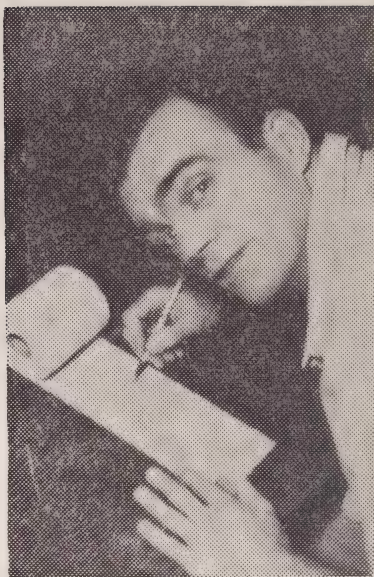
Mr. Bill Booth, President of the Legion went on stage to wind up the show by thanking the fellows for their sincere display of appreciation toward the entertainers, and he was assured by inmate councilman **Pete Roski**, that the pleasure was indeed ours.

The show put on last year by this same Legion, was a great show; but I don't think that the "Girls and Boys from across the River" could improve on this one.

correction please! first number played by Jack Parkin group was "It's alright with me."



Dear Editor



I wuz roamin' aroun' the dome thet other day an' I see my good fren' Tony alookin' kinda sad like. So I figgers as how I should maybe cheer him up a bit. Anyhow I sidels up to him an' I sez.....

"What's the matter Tony?"

An' he looks at me kinda lonesome an' he sez..... "Shesa notta so good fora me. Momma Mia! Sam, shesa justa no good."

So, I sez.... "How cum?"

An' he sez.... "Hows a comma what ?

Howsa come shesa notta so good fora me? Issa longa story Sam. Inna corner I'ma tella you. Inna corner. S'alright?"

An' right then an' thar he takes aholt of my arm an' me an' him, we walks aroun' 'til we cum to an' empty corner. An' ya know what? After he gives me a seat on the floor beside him, he pulls out this here pack of tailor made butts an' he offers me one. He did! An' right now I knows as how there's somethin' speshul in the wind fer him today. Anyhow, as soon as we lites up our butts, he sez...

"For fiva hola week, I'ma practice. No, attsa wrong! For sixa hola week I'ma practise! Si, attsa better!"

An' I sez.... "Whoa now Tony, What're ya practisin?"

An' he sez... "For what I'ma practisa?"

"Yeah!" sez me. An' oh justice! Mr. Editor, I jest couldn' keep a straight kisser. An' when Tony sees me grinnin' he gits kinda riled like an he sez... "Whata for I'ma practise? Santa Madonna! For seexa hola week I'ma practise. SEEXA HOLA WEEK! and you say, whata for I'ma practise? Shesa funny, ha?... Only shesa notta so funny. That Meester Havenue! —da bigga bossa man for da tickets from leafs froma Hottawa issa coma to thisa place. I'ma know hesa come 'an I'ma practise for him. For him, I'ma practise seexa hola week, an you maka da beeg comedy. Seexa hola weeks ago I'ma see da fata boss man inna da dome. I'ma say "Boss man, I'ma wanta some mirror!" an' hesa giva me four mirror. An' I'ma say; 'Atsa good boss: 'atsa good. I taka dem to da cell. I'ma notta know whata to do. Da nail shesa no go inna da wall, it's too gollydarna hard! I'ma naila dosa mirror alla together 'an I'ma stan' 'em onna da pot inna corner 'an I'ma practise. SEEXA HOLA WEEK I'MA PRACTISE! I'ma looka mia face inna mirror ina my eye, 'an I'ma say... "Bossa man for da tickets-from-leaf from Hottawa, I'ma writa you seexa hola months ago... for why I'ma no getta da tickets-from-leafs? Hah? I gotta da bigga Momma anna seex-a-teena bambinos waiting justa for Poppa Tony outa there. I'ma gotta tena year boss, 'an ina wana year, 'ana seexa month.... shesa FINISH!! How'sa come I'ma no get da tickets-from-leafs? I'ma worka hard ina here 'an shovel da rock ina da quarry for longa time. Den,

I'ma speeka da Warden 'cause I'ma no get enougha da spahget 'ana da meat-a-ball for so mucha hard work, so, I'ma worka-change to da kitch 'an maka coffee. It'sa no good. 'Atsa wana bigga coffee pot! Shesa no make da coffee, da tea, da hota water. Shesa no make-a nothin'! So, I'ma washa da floor ina da dome. So howsa come I'm no get da tickets-from-leafs? Hey Sam, for seexa hola week I'ma practise like that! SEEEXA HOLA WEEK COMPARI! An' today I'ma go outa there."

An' I sez: "Did ya git a parole, Tony?"

An' he sez: "Parola? Wotsa data parola?"

"A ticket-of-leave," sez me; "Did ya git a ticket-of leave? Do ya go out today?"

"Da tickets-from... TICKETS-FROM-LEAFS!? OUTTA TODAY!" he sez;

"Whatsa matta you head? hah? You speeka lika dat an you gonna make-a da Easter dance at dat heada place ina Selkirk!! Tickets-from-leafs! I'm No getta out! I'ma nota get NOTHIN'!! You maka fonny Sam? You wan fonny cowska-boy. Today, I'ma go to da office... Havenue, da bossa man for da tickets-from Hottawa issa there. A hola buncha da fellas issa there. Havenue, heesa gotta da enswers. A hola bunch take-a da turn 'an speeka, 'an I'ma lissen. An' Sam, issa wan-a fella there,... he'sa talk-a to da man from Hottawa an' Mezzo Mare, Sam this-a guy he'sa take more-a deesa corsa tings, an' hes go to mora deesa club-a tings, in-a here, than I'ma hear about ina ma hola life! Hesa go ever' meetin' an' hesa no miss NOTHIN'!! Hesa say: "I'ma go to da church alla da time; I'ma sing inna da choir; I'ma go Allacoholico Ignoramuses alla da time; I'ma take-a da Bookinakeep; I'ma tich-a da Matatamatic; I'ma take-a da Groopa Therapy" alla thesa hesa say. An' hesa say: "I'ma see da Slykiatress nine-a times and even Moma shesa see da Slykiatress too; an' I'ma take-a corse, How To Maka Da Fren An' Influenza Da Peeple... howsa come I'ma no getta da tickets-from-leafs?" An' I'ma say to mysel' (shesa no look so gooda for me...) an' da bossa man from Hottawa, isa poosh-a finger at-a me an' hesa say to me..

"Tony; howsa bout you? you gotta da qesh? you gotta da little some-a-thin' ona you mine?" An' Sam, I'ma speeka in-a-side-a my head... (...even Make-a Da Fren An' Influenza Da Peeple...) Momma Mia! itsa no looka so good for me..

Then I'ma speeka Mr. Havenue. I'ma say: Boss-a man from Hottawa, I'ma no gotta nothin' onna da mine, an' Arrivederchi! An' Sam, I'ma real-a gona cat. I'm nota know Sam; shesa just-a no good."

An' ya know what, Mr. Editor? Thet there guy thet cum from thet there New Found Land place wuz walkin' by jest then, an' he sez to Tony:

"Lawrd Gawd Tawny, don'tt be bitter!"

An' Oh justice pardner, thet there Tony, he took off after Newfy. An' the last I seen he wuz chasin' after Newfy across the dome with a broom, ahollerin':

"Seexa hola week I'ma practisa ana you say, don' be bitter! DON'TA BE BITTER! SEEEXA HOLA WEEK!....."

Oh well...

See ya 'round, Huh?

Slipshod Sam.

\ \ \

NARCOTICS IN PERSPECTIVE

Hoodlums or Patients

Hal Hudson — The Island Lantern

That there is a close and definite relationship of drug addiction and crime, there is little, if any doubt, although such relationship is not what it is generally supposed to be, and with few exceptions, there seems to be scant evidence to prove that drugs, per se, motivate crime.

While many non-violent crimes are committed by underworld addicts, they are, committed for the purpose of obtaining enough money with which to purchase drugs, and are not generally the direct result of a physiological reaction of the drug itself.

It is certain that not all abnormal people are criminals by any yardstick, many professional or habitual criminals are understandably abnormal. However, may we emphasize at the same time that a high percentage of psychopaths are not only non-criminal in behavior, but also that many of them achieve considerable success in society.

One can discover all types and kinds of personalities using drugs, from the level of substantial and highly successful professional people to the very low-levels of the underworld. All addicts are not criminals in the broad sense of the word, although technically they violate the laws of the statute books every time they use drugs because many state laws are written that addiction itself is a crime punishable by imprisonment.

Drs. Vogel and Mauer, both world famous in drug addiction research, are quick to point out that a drug addict cannot be regarded as a criminal simply because he uses drugs. For example, a competent attorney who had been an alcoholic and who was able to carry on an ethical and successful practice only because he had become a moderate user of morphine is not a criminal. However, he does have an unfortunate character defect. There are a few such addicts in most communities; medical men, lawyers, businessmen, etc; seldom, if ever, do they become police problems. If we drop the subject of morphine for just a moment and consider alcohol, some readers will be able to recall successful surgeons who do not go into the operating room without taking a substantial amount of alcohol. These people, too, have personality defects, but their technical skill, their social positions, and their ability to keep their addiction under control removes them from the classification of criminal; in fact, many people would take the position that if they have to have whiskey to perform first-class surgery, then they should by all means have the whiskey. However, should the same surgeon take narcotic drugs, people are less tolerant and the surgeon is technically a violator of the law; if he comes to the attention of the authorities, he is subject to become a criminal with a prison record. There are addicts who are neither psychopaths nor criminals just as there are many professional criminals who are not addicted to drugs.

Dr. Kolb has demonstrated that criminals of a vicious and violent type frequently shift to non-violent criminality after addiction to opiates. Many addicts seem to be quite reliable when their supply is adequate; many others appear to have lost all moral values and become unreliable in all areas of behavior.

Generally speaking, different drugs have different effects upon the human being;

different drugs vary within limits in their effects upon different individuals. The effects of the same drug are sometimes different upon normal and abnormal personalities. When we generalize about drugs, we must keep these levels of difference in mind; for every generalization, it is always possible to produce numerous exceptions, a fact which does not simplify the problem, by any means.

The secondary effects of narcotics are, in the main, so pleasant and so soothing that any violent psychopath will be deterred from following any impulse he may have to commit violent crime; he is robbed of ambition and the capacity for aggressive action to the point that he is eventually content with a life of idleness.

As Dr. Kolb has suggested, crimes of violence could be reduced considerably if psychopaths could be supplied with enough opiates on a regular schedule to keep them thoroughly in a constant state of euphoria. However, this is an entirely theoretical hypothesis, and Drs. Vogel, Mauer, and Kolb and other scientists with much knowledgeable experience in this field would not consider it clinically or morally suitable as therapy. But, while there are a few exceptions to the general rule, opiates tend to inhibit and lessen any tendency toward violence. Mental conflicts are resolved, serenity ensues; the individual senses power and ease which he does not normally experience. The effects of alcohol, which tends to reduce normal inhibitions or "bars of propriety."

According to Dr. Vogel, the sense of well-being and satisfaction actually are so strong that, coupled with the depressant action of the drugs, the individual is unlikely to commit aggressive or violent crime after he is addicted, even though he habitually or professionally did so previous to addiction. There is a marked expansion of the personality, says Dr. Vogel, a feeling that the addict is on top of the world, that he can accomplish anything, that success is his, that everyone likes him, that he likes everyone else, and that he is an important person; this inflation of the ego is, however, off-set by lack of will power and great reduction in the capacity for action. In the words of Dr. Kolb, "Both heroin and morphine in large doses changes drunken, fighting psychopaths into notably sober and non-aggressive idlers."

While often the addict will perform criminal acts to secure money with which to procure drugs to support his habit, such acts are almost always of a non-violent nature.

To date, there has been no evidence collected to show that any significant percentage of drug addicts commit crimes of violent nature, either professionally or casually while under the influence of these drugs.

The reduction or elimination of any sexual desire seems to remove the drug addict from the category of psychopathic sex offenders, even though he might have a tendency to commit such acts when not addicted.

It is a well known fact that homosexuals use opiates because drugs inhibit sex desire and remove him from conflict with society.

While these drugs may inhibit the more violent psychopaths, they put pressures on the personality which even well adjusted persons cannot withstand. Because of the irresistible need for drugs, the bank robber, for example, who no longer has the courage to commit armed robbery, becomes a conniver, a thief, a derelict who will turn to any trick not involving much effort or aggression to obtain money. In rare instances he may, when threatened with loss of his supply, commit robbery to

Continued on inside back cover

In Memorium

In memory of
Mrs Emily Hambleton
Who passed away, March 9th., 1961

God knew that she was suffering,
That the hills were hard to climb;
So He closed her weary eyelids
And whispered, "Peace be thine."
Away in the beautiful hills of God
By the valley of rest so fair,
Some day, we know not when,
We will meet our loved one there.

Ever remembered by family
and friends.

LATE NEWS

Tom Girdle

Easter Sunday 1961

For the second time, the prison Chaplains held open services at which relatives of the inmates confined in this institution were guests. This latest service saw an increase in the amount of outside guests as compared to the last service held Dec. 18th., 1960. The R.C. Chapel, with services conducted by Father Bedford, welcomed 74 guests, and the Protestant, with Salvation Army Major, A.J. Rawlins officiating, hosted 51 visitors. Three members of the city daily's were also in attendance.

Legal Men Share Knowledge With Inmate Group

During the month of March, two Winnipeg Lawyers, Mr. Anthony Pilutik, and Mr. Jack Chapman, visited this institution to address the Native Brotherhood Group, and to expound on various aspects of The Indian Act, The Canadian Bill of Rights, as well as the Criminal Code. These meetings have been "open" and the discussions attracted many non-Indian inmates. Mr. Chapman donated a copy of the Criminal Code to the prison library for the inmates here.

Donation Of Type Big Boost To Echoes

Bullman Bros., Ltd., of Winnipeg, came to the rescue of the Mountain Echoes by donating type ranging from 14 pt., to 36 points. We were desperately in need of this type, and the clearness of this month's headings can be attributed to them. The staff of the Mountain Echoes say, "THANKS!!"

Letters To Editor

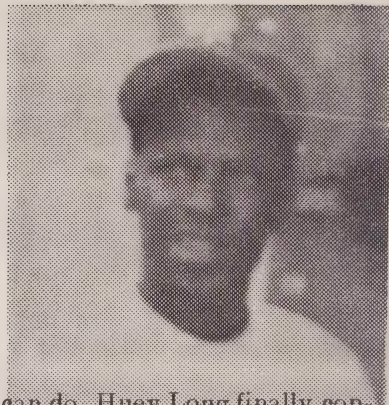
It has been suggested that the Echoes set aside space in which the comments of the readers, inside and out, could be voiced. This has been done, and starting with next month's issue, letters to the Editor will be printed. The Mountain Echoes welcomes, and looks forward to your letters of opinion, both pro and con.

Holidays Play Havoc With Schedule

Well folks, we tried, but the Easter Holidays, together with the inactive days devoted to annual stocktaking, culminated in an even greater set-back. Therefore, the March and April issues have been combined.

FROM UNDER BROWN'S DERBY

John the Square



It just goes to show you what repeating rumors can do. Huey Long finally copped his "jocker" and who came out to get him? His wife! And what was she driving? A like-new Corvair! My sincerest apologies to them both for last months inaccuracies... In's 'n Out's: Weary faces 'n Wet numbers, 'n standing right behind them are: Dave Windsor, Bobby McDonald, ('n like, I didn't know the cat had gone!!) Jim McCooey, Freddy Mitchell, Bobby Barber, (this kitty is following me.) 'n Ol' Fergy. Elva, what's a "sulver" pill? ... Ecstatic Expirants: Huey (at last!!) Long, Louie Male, Lord Cece Allan, (should be in Liverpool by now) Bob Horan, Lenny Kelly, Ed Hashka, 'n my esteemed friend, Sir Jackpine... I goofed last month. My buddy Mel Rowden asked me to include a Valentine greeting to his Mother, and due to my negligence it never saw print. My humble apologies to you Mel, and to Mrs. Rowden, a belated Valentine, an on time Easter, and an early Mothers Day greeting all rolled into one... Joe Hayden doesn't 'dig' being called "Joltin' *Joey*" either!... Without a doubt, the most popular chick ever to walk into this joint is the very "FOXY" ★ **Berni Garrison**. Lucky L7 even talked to her, 'n found that her personality *even* exceeds her talent. From the amount of guys who dig her, it's safe to say that she's the "Mountain's Darling." A livin' doll ... A Big Hello to; Mom, Dad, Bev, Mar, Baldy, 'n Darryl, at the lakehead, from Butch Crawley... I wonder how many guys voted the **Uke** ticket of Lahoski-Roski & Kohut? Ol' Mikey nearly made it, and I know Bertha will be proud at the good showing he made at the polls. I'd hate to come that close to dying. Hang in there Bertha! If the o.k. comes through, Mike will write. Rules is rules 'n all thet jazz... Query: to Alice; Weary Willie wants to know, "How is your will power?" hmmm...! I got the word Lee Elliot — Cool it Old Buddy, 'n my regards to those assembled at the Walker House 'n the Frontier Club... Ron (Dreamy) Miller *sends* his love 'n kisses to his ever-lovin' better-half Dodie, and daughter Barb, at the lakehead... Pick up on Vince Marrese's sure-fire *do-it-yourself* rehabilitation scheme. You take three successive Pen "jolts" *do 'em yourself*, and **Shazam !!!** You're rehabilitated! I believe him... **Gail** wants to know why yours truly is called "John the Square. After my last sojourn at K.P., I returned to Toronto totally ignorant of all this *Zen* jazz, 'n my *so-hip coffee-drinking poetry-reading beatnik-friends*, wanted to know where I'd gone to return so "cube-ish." They started saying, "Like, that John. He's *SO* square!" Soon I became known as John the Square. But Gail, it's John the Square: **not** Square John. By the way, did you or **Elva** know that you're referred to as; "The Siamese Twins" by your husbands? I call Vince & Ken (who wishes #3 son **Wade** a very happy Birthday) Damon & Pythias. Crazy, no? Midnight Love & Chanel 5 with **SPRAY** yet!! 'n

every day yet... Now that Heavyweight tilt. I don't think Ingemar got a fair shake. On the replay of the (?) knockout (?) I counted to 8. What a swindle... Come to think of it, I haven't seen Carl LaVictoire around lately... Hi to Artie (Clyde) Berryman 'n thanks for the Card... Red Saunders sends his best to kid Sis, Margaret 'n brother-in-law Edmond Pilloud... Latest book by that broad from New England "Tight White Collar" smells. Female James Jones. Strictly a one-shot-writer... Hurry up 'n shake that flu Elva; from L7... Since discontinuing Busted Straights & Flushes last fall, I have a veritable trunk full of short stories that I'm going to throw your way; so here's two to start off with and I hope that they are enjoyed. In the meantime, if you can't be thankful for what you receive, be thankful for what you escape... L7

Attention!! If you are a writer of lengthy letters, make sure you have enough postage to avoid having YOUR letter returned!

Once upon a time in a Canadian pen, there was a dormitory, and it was known simply as the "short timers" dorm; for to live in it a con was required to have six months or less of his sentence to serve.

The dorm was equipped with four showers, and it's residents were issued honest-to-goodness knives, forks and genuine feather pillows. In short, a forerunner of the present day pre release dormitory.

Now the Warden of this penitentiary was despised by every convict within the walls, for he was of the old school, who freely used the paddle, and was never known to have taken less than thirty days remission for infractions of the rules. Despite his harshness, he had an affectation for giving each departing inmate a goodbye-God-Speed speech which was culminated by a firm handshake; and no convict left the prison a free man without the Warden's parting remarks ringing in his ears.

Among those living in the dormitory it was decided that... "Since the Warden hadn't treated them like human beings during their stay, he ought not to be given the amends making opportunity as they were about to leave as free men: Therefore, his eloquent speech would be endured, but the firm handshake was to be flatly rejected."

The first four of the group were due for discharge on a Saturday morning, and the jubilant four were dressed in civilian clothes, given their money and train tickets, and then directed to the Warden's office, where they were received by the Warden who was a picture of genial aquinimity. About one hour later, a very unhappy quartet, dressed in the familiar prison garb were seen being led off to the hole. Sunday came and went, and the four overtimers were still in the hole.

Monday A.M. the quartet were taken from the hole, dressed once again in civilian clothes, given their tickets and money, and ushered again into the Warden's office, where they were treated to the usual oration, and at it's conclusion shook hands with alacrity.

I doubt if anyone else has ever refused to shake hands with this particular Warden.

This next tale will no doubt be familiar to many readers. Perhaps you may even know the participants; anyway, flip the page and learn just how expensive a romance can sometimes be.

\$ The High Cost Of Loving \$

The story I'm about to tell is true. Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty. A few long years ago, a well known Winnipeg grifter met a young lady who had an apartment. Their acquaintanceship soon developed into a torrid romance, and as two can live as cheap as one, the grifter moved in with her bag and baggage, and the two proceeded to live in near-marital bliss, sans benefit of clergy, of course.

The young lady was employed in a local sweatshop, while our grifter arose at noon proceeded to a poolroom, to shoot pool, at which he was rather deft, leaving about 4:45 to meet his paramour after work, then proceeding home for supper. After supper, they would usually go out for the evening, although not always together.

One evening after the day had run its usual course, the young lady decided to visit some friends, and possessing only one key to the apartment, she advised the grifter, who intended to make a tour of the local pool halls, that she would leave the key under the door mat, so that in the event he arrived home first he wouldn't be locked out.

He returned home at about midnight and found himself unable to get in as the lady had forgotten to leave the key in the place so designated. Being a resourceful fellow, he went around to the rear of the apartment block, removed the screen, and proceeded to wiggle through the bedroom window. Unknown to him, someone mistook him for a burglar with the inevitable results. Answering the urgent knock at the door, he was confronted by the building super, whom he had never before, laid eyes on and two immense "Nabs" whom he had met before, and the pleasure had been all theirs.

To make a long story short, the "Heats" knew him and weren't about to believe his story that he lived there, especially when the super was able to prove that the apartment was leased by a Miss Something or other, and due to the miserable combination of his unplausable story, plus the fact that all of his identification bore his previous address, he was promptly taken off to the local calaboso, charged with Breaking and Entering which is no rap to laugh at.

His screams of innocence were not taken lightly however, for all night long, the police made periodic calls to the apartment, but as fate would have it, the young lady had chosen this night of all nights to stay at her mothers. By 10: A.M., the grifter was frantic, and when he finally appeared in Magistrates court, the Crown Attorney decided to take his suggestion and phone the young lady at her place of employment. The Magistrate concurred, and this was promptly done. She was shocked, and needless to say made it down to the police station muy pronto.

In nothing flat it was all straightened out as an unfortunate mistake. The Magistrate was very sympathetic, but seeing as the grifter had appeared before him on a B&E charge, some type of charge of lesser severity must be laid, for British Jurisprudence makes no allowance for dismissals owing to unfortunate mistakes, so he reduced the charge to tresspassing and fined the grifter \$50.00 and costs. Such is the high cost of loving.

Glancing through the Penal Press

THE SPECTATOR:

A Jackson, Mississippi, police character has been picked up so often by the cops of that city that when a bank was held up to the tune of \$9,500.00 he went down to the station voluntarily to be "checked-out!"

Schenectady, N.Y., Thieves got some cold cash at a local bowling alley. When they could not open a cash register, they stole \$100 in night receipts from a refrigerator.

Did you ever hear of anyone chasing anyone to give them their car back. It sounds silly, but according to The Spectator, it happened. The man lost a small compact car from his truck and didn't know anything about it until the police caught up to him and returned it after a ten mile chase.

Memphis, Tenn., Robert C. Craigo, 39, appeared in court on a charge of public drunkenness and said, "Your Honor, I plead half guilty, I was only half drunk." "Okay then I'll make it a half fine," ruled Judge Beverly Boushe. "It will be \$25 instead of \$50."

"WHAT DID I DO?"

Nothing, ruled Utah Judge Martin M. Larson, not if the conviction was under the Habitual Criminal Statute. His decision was based on the grounds that being an Habitual Criminal was a status and not a crime, and consequently not punishable with life imprisonment: "Sentence under which the state claims to hold the defendant is null and void, there being no such crime and no penalty."

The French author Montaigne (1533-95) once observed that no man "is so good, who, were he to submit all his thoughts and actions to the laws, would not deserve hanging ten times in his life."

Almost 400 years later, writing in Harpers Magazine, L.M. Hussey pointed out the situation hadn't changed much in the past four centuries. The average citizen in a city the size of Philadelphia commits enough crimes, quite unintentionally, to call for 1825 years in prison.

THE BRIDGE

If disarmament doesn't make us love one another, it will at least make it cheaper to hate one another.

Civilization is a state of human development that moves a man to pay the laundry for destroying his collars.

1961 ELECTION RESULTS

Joe Hayden



L. R. Jack Stephensi, Pete Roski and Tinny Lahoski

A committee is a group of people who singly can do nothing, but together decide that nothing can be done.

Last month the annual poll race was held, and luckily for the residents of this city within a town, three men were elected who are determined to prove the fallacy of the above quotation. Elected were: Tinny Lahoski, getting the largest vote with a whopping 276, Jack Stephens in place position with 248 and Pete Roski showed with 227.

The three men assumed their duties and responsibilities on March 1st. Relieving the emergency duo of Russ (Pritchard Ave.) Smith, and Mitch Herman, who took over after the very popular and well like combination of Ray Merasty and Ivan Brown resigned last summer.

Also holding political aspirations was the fourth place finisher Mike Kohut, who in his bid to get out of the ranks missed by a whisker. Mike will step into any vacancy should one occur.

The Echoes salute the new council and will in the coming stanza support it whole heartedly.

S P O R T S

HOCKEY

"Dreamy" Miller

The four teams in the S.M.H. "A" League all entered the semi-finals this year, with Stony Mountain Village being given the bye. First place Raiders go against third place Monarchs, and second place Royals go up against the cellar-dwelling Leafs. The semi-finals consisted of a two game total goal affair, with the winners of each series locking horns for the S.M.H. "A" League Championship and the right to meet the "Village" for the District Championship.

RAIDERS 17 MONARCHS 6

The Raiders had little trouble disposing of the Monarchs with a 17 goal barrage while giving up only 6 for a big 11 goal bulge and an entry into the finals. Banging in goals almost at will the Raiders never looked back.

LEAFS 9 ROYALS 3

In the upset of the year, the cellar dwelling Leafs defeated the highly favored Royals with very commanding 6-2 3-1 back to back victories. The Leafs weren't expected to give the high flying Royals much trouble but this started to look like a repeat of last year, when the league door-mats came alive to walk away with all the marbles.

The finals between Rieley's Raiders and Jordain's Leafs has to be billed as the Highlight of the season. Once again, the Leafs were given little chance for victory. However a surprisingly strong Leaf team carried the Raiders to a third and final game before finally running out of steam, and that was all the power-laden Raiders needed to wrap up the series and win the cup.

RAIDERS 6 LEAFS 4

The first game of the finals found the Raiders skating off with a hard fought 6-4 win. Falling behind 3-1 after one period, the Raiders came surging back to offset their pesky opposition, thus taking an all important lead in the series.

LEAFS EVEN SERIES

Leafs evened matters with the Raider in their second encounter in rather easy fashion by drubbing the league champs to the tune of 7-4. Hampered by slow ice, the heavier and fast breaking Raiders couldn't get untracked. Though the ice was the same for both teams, it was quite evident that the lighter Leafs preferred playing under these conditions. The Leafs, sparked by their Pony line, blasted 6 goals past Raider netminder, Ron Miller. Except for the fine defensive play of Joe Hayden, John McGee, Joe Houle and Cliff Horsfall, the score could have been trebled. Defensive stalwarts for the Leafs were Spike Watcher, Knobby and steady goaltending by Vince Marrese.

LEAFS ELIMINATED

After a delay of almost a week, the big game of the year was played before the largest crowd of the season. Cooler weather and fast ice was the order of the day. The humbled Raiders of a week ago, looking for revenge, jumped into an early lead, and after one period, skated off with a 2-1 edge and a well deserved rest. Both teams came out in the second period with speed to burn. Leafs pressing for

the equalizer were frustrated time and again, before they finally blasted one by the prostrate Ron Miller who had literally robbed them of the tying marker on two previous occasions. Raiders bounced right back with Les Sinden breaking away on a clearing pass from Bill Smith to give them a lead they never relinquished. Play went back and forth to the forty-five minute mark with both teams having plenty of opportunity to add to their totals. But once again it was the fine goal-keeping of Vince Marrese and Ron Miller that proved to be the big stumbling block. Then Smith connected to give the Raiders a big two goal bulge, and took the heart out of the Leaf club. Irish Gilhouly then pumped in the fifth, followed by the nicest goal of the game, which came off the stick of Raider defenceman, Joe Hayden who picked up the puck behind his own net, skated through the entire Leaf club, and beat Marrese on an ankle high shot. That was the scoring in the ball game, and all the marbles as far as the Raiders were concerned. The jubilant Raiders capped off a fine year much to the delight of Rookie coach Jim Reiley.

VILLAGE ANNIHILATE RAIDERS

In a series limited to one game due to bad ice conditions, the Stony Mountain Village team, blasted 11 goals past Raider netminder Ron Miller to coast to the district championship.

Despite the heroics of his team-mates, and in particular Joltin Joe Hayden who collared himself a hat trick, along with Bashing Bill Smith the harassed Miller couldn't seem to throttle the big guns of the village stars, and spent most of the contest lying on the ice or fishing out pucks from his net.

Many thanks to the following men for making this a very fine hockey season. Bill Lavery, Larry, Pete Roski, Jack Stephens, Kegal, and equipment man John Humicky, who worked so hard to give us good ice, and ship shape equipment to play with. Thanks also to referees Jack Chisolm, Larry, Butch Crawley, and others I have neglected to mention. Last but not least, bouquets to the coaches, Jim Reiley, Louie Jordain, Fika and Pack-Sack, who all worked together to make this a very successful hockey season.

BASKETBALL

Tom Girdle

S.M.P's Basketball season rolled to a close with Tweets Conway, new coach of the Celtics, leading his team to a first place finish by a margin of five points. Big Monty's Shamrocks, Dales Hawks and Gunner's Lakers fought it out for advantageous playoff positions, with the final standings ending up as follows.

Team	G.P.	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Celtics	18	11	7	0	22
Lakers	18	8	9	1	17
Hawks	18	7	9	2	16
Shamrocks	18	7	10	1	15

LEADING SCORERS

Player	Team	G.P.	Pts.	Ave.
Girdle	Celtics	15	399	26.6
Hayden	Hawks	16	294	18.4
Sinden	Shams.	17	263	15.5
Ducharme	Lakers	18	253	14.1
Cummings	Celtics	18	248	13.8

CELTICS TOP HAWKS 130-101

Favoured Celtics, winning the first game 62-49, carried a 13 point lead into the second game of their total point playoff with the Hawks and added to this lead with a 68-52 win. Girdle with 58 points, Hackenschmidt with 24 and Cummings with 22 led the Celtics in this series. Joe Hayden with 58 points in the two games was the outstanding Hawk player.

SHAMS OUTCLASS LAKERS 129-66

Led by Camille Lombaert with 50 points and Les Sinden with 48, the Shamrocks outclassed the Lakers in their total point semi-final 129-66. Utilizing their fast break, combined with sharp passing, the Shams left no doubt that they were the better team. John Cahoon with 29 points in the two games was tops for the Lakers.

CELTICS TRIUMPH BY 68-61 56-48 SCORES

The Celtics overcame a five point deficit at half time in the first game of the S.M.P. basketball final with a fine second half to win the first of a two out of three game series 68-61. Led by Tommy Girdle with 21 pts. 17 in the second half rally, Hackenschmidt with 20 and Cummings with 19. The celtics combined this scoring power with the fine court leadership of Larry to move into the favorites role, and set the stage for the second game. The Shams with their front line of Sinden, Lombaert and Whitely, baffled the Celtics in the first half, but could not keep up the pace in the cleanly played game. Sinden with 25, Whitely with 15 and Lombaert with 14 pts. were tops for the Shamrocks.

In the second game of the finals, the Celtics moved to a 28-27 first half lead and keeping up the pressure rolled to a 56-48 victory to win the S.M.P. final in two straight games. In the closely played contest, the Celtics taking advantage of every opportunity, were full value for the win, while the Shamrocks were hurt by the loss of high-scoring Camille Lombaert through the foul route early in the second half. Girdle with 27 and Cummings with 11 led the Celtics, while Lombeart with 15, Sinden with 14 and Whitely with 12 carried the Shams.

Celtics line-up: Girdle, Cummings, Hackenschmidt, Wercimage, Larry, Barker and Conway.

Shamrocks line-up: Whitely, Sinden, Lombaert. Pete, Sawchuk, Doomernick and Montgomery.

ECHOES HIGHLIGHTS

ST. PAUL'S ALUMNI DEFEAT ECHOES 103-91

Led by 6-3 Barry Jones, the alumni of St. Paul's College defeated the Echoes in the highest scoring game seen in S.M.P. this year 103-91. Jones, playing an effective post position and hooking with both hands dropped 33 pts. through the hoop, with Kev Madden's 24 pts. and Lorne Hamilton's 20 also helped the Grads pull through in a well played game. Gunner with 20, Leibrecht and Lombaert with 16, Cahoon with 14 and Cummings with 13 led the Echoes.

ECHOES EDGE ST. PAUL'S SENIORS 80-77

The Echoes, playing what was possibly their best game of the year managed to hold on to a 39-38 half time lead in defeating the St. Paul's College Seniors 80-77.

Girdle and Lombaert with 16 each, Hayden with 13 and Cummings with 12 led the Echoes to a well deserved win. Loping with 32 and White with 23 led St. Paul's.

ECHOES SQUARE SERIES WITH ALUMNI 75-67

Led by Joe Hayden who scored 26 pts., Tom Girdle with 16, Camille Lombaert with 13 and John Cahoon with 11, the Echoes evened their series with St. Paul's Alumni by defeating them 75-67. With Ozark Whitely controlling the backboards and utilizing a good zone defence, the Echoes managed to hold the high-scoring Grads in check. Lorne Hamilton with 15 and Gerry Letourneau with 14 were tops for St. Paul's.

Many thanks go out to our commissioner Jack Wannop who devoted much of his leisure time in trying to make this season S.M.P.'s finest yet in basketball. Also to the officials, Monty, Boily, Hayden, Ducharme, Leibrecht, Conway, Magoo and others too numerous to mention, good work, for without you, we could not have played. To the winners, congratulations and to the losers, as Brooklyn used to say, wait till next year.

CURLING

D.A.W

It's a crying shame, and to all you wonderful subscribers out there, we regret that this is the last of the curling news of the season.

Mother Nature, decided to do it now, and not wait for Spring. She got old Sol out of nowhere and told him to start spring cleaning. He did! At this writing we probably have the only curling rink in Canada with abstract paintings on each end.

Fortunately we were able to complete a 22 day schedule, but our bonspiel, which would have been another curling highlight, had to be cancelled out because of warm weather.

Even tho' we had a short period of curling this year, what there was of it, was enjoyed by the players and spectators.

Next year we hope that we will be fortunate enough to have a longer season. So before closing out, the league standings are below, and you may draw your own conclusions regarding the merits of the teams. See you next year.

TEAMS	G.P.	W.	L.
Mallock	11	11	0
Hall	11	10	1
Allan	11	8	3
Lahoski	11	7	4
Nabiss	11	7	4
Huppe	11	5	6
Swartz	11	5	6
Wrixon	11	4	7
Dorion	11	3	8
Blackbird	11	3	8
Rowden	11	2	9
Hood	11	1	10

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(Narcotics in Perspective continued)

obtain drugs. Every addict, regardless of whether or not he is a psychopath, will turn to crime if necessary and the volume of petty crime committed by addicts is staggering.

However, there is no evidence to date which shows that drugs have the power to convert anyone into a criminal; the assumption is that, theoretically, if narcotic addicts did not have to pay exorbitantly high prices for bootleg, contraband drugs, or violate the law in various and sundry ways to get them, they would not present too great a problem insofar as crime is concerned.

The La Guardia Report minimizes the role of marihuana as a causative factor in crime. Dr. Reichard, of the U.S. Public Health Service, in his — Some Myths About Marihuana, discounts of marihuana as an incentive to criminal behaviour. Crimes committed by opiate addicts are likely to be non-violent crimes against property by addicts in need of their drugs; most addicts are considered non-violent and the popular movie and press concept of drug crazed criminal running amok, or operating with super human cunning or cruelty is; more romantic than accurate.

